

1488-C.5

THE
ADOPTED CHILD,

MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Crow-Street,

BY SAMUEL BIRCH.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR GEORGE FOLINGSBY,
59, DAME-STREET.

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THE very flattering reception which this little Drama has met with from the Public, calls for the Author's warmest acknowledgments: and he takes this opportunity to express his high sense of obligation he feels for the zealous exertions of the Performers, which contributed so essentially to its success.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

SIR BERTRAND,	Mr. RAWLING.
LE SAGE,	Mr. BELLAMY.
RECORD,	Mr. CALLAN.
MICHAEL,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
SPRUCE,	Mr. KING.
FLINT,	Mr. G. KING.
BOY,	Master BLANCHARD.

WOMEN.

CLARA,	Mrs. ADDISON.
LUCY,	Mrs. DE VOLNEY.
JANNETTE,	Mis DAVIDSON.
NELL,	Mrs. BLANCHARD.

SCENE—*A remote Part in the North.*

THE
ADOPTED CHILD,
A
MUSICAL DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE. An old Hall in Milford Castle.

Enter RECORD and LUCY.

LUCY.

I TELL you once more, Mr. Record, I won't stay any longer in this place, to be frighten'd to death every hour of my life, night and day.

Record. Poh! Poh! why you are a silly girl:—childish apprehensions: You have been reading some foolish stuff or other to put such notions into your head:—what is there in this venerable building to frighten such a sweet innocent little girl as you, most timid?

LUCY. What is there? Why an't I obliged to cross those long cloisters I don't know how many times a day, where my own steps clatter like twenty people besides myself—and when 'tis dark to go to bed in that frightful room of tapestry, where those horrid creatures with nodding plumes, are galloping upon their large horses, and the wind whistles all night as loud as thunder along the gallery, and to be all alone too, or if I do see any body, is it not you, Mr. Record?

Record. Well; and is there any thing so frightful in me, most insulting—whom would you see?

Lucy. Why something human—something like myself, that I could talk to— O! when shall we have a master and mistress come to this place?

Record. You must put up with me as master; and as to a mistress, if I can do very well without one, surely you may. Our old gentleman's relations are on their road from Spa, and we shall soon be all alive again.

Lucy. What, will not Sir Edmund come back again?

Record. Never! but thank heav'n, my accounts are all clear enough: his old complaint—but his relations have one consolation left, however.

Lucy. What is that pray, Mr. Record?

Record. The physicians all agree, that notwithstanding the obstinacy of his complaint, in his life time, he certainly died cur'd.

Lucy. Why then would it not have been better that he had never been cur'd, and perhaps the poor soul might have liv'd?

Record. We are not such good judges as they, most presumptuous! but mind me—I'm now going down to Michael's at the Ferry, and don't you let a soul in under any pretence whatever.

Lucy. I won't if I can help it; but indeed 'tis very dismal to be left here so many hours by one's self, while you are at the Ferry. I can't think what you are so fond of them for?

Record. Why I love Michael because he would do no wrong to man, woman, or child, and besides, he has seen better days.

Lucy. And what do you love Michael's wife for?

Record. Because she loves Michael, and makes all his friends welcome: and that's a note of admiration in the wife of any man.

[*A loud knocking without.*]

There! There! There's a pretty racket at this early hour,

hour, go round by the South gallery and open the wicket, and then you'll see who it is.

Lucy. What, by myself? No, If I must go—I'll go the direct road to the gate and let them in, for I dare say they have business here, by the loud knocking.

[Knocking again.] *Exit Lucy.*

Record.

Those who have the least business generally make the greatest disturbance every where. Now to my accounts:—I begin very much to suspect that Sir Edmund's title here was a little doubtful, and an old parchment I was turning over mentions something of the succession of the old Baron's male issue, if living—I shall keep possession of these till opportunity serves.—

Enter Lucy with SPRUCE.

Lucy. Nobody here, but our Mr. Record, Sir—he'll answer any questions—

Record. Nobody here! why the girl's a fool, she means nobody that can give a proper answer but me: she forgot the keepers of the armoury above, and the porters and mastiffs below.— [Aside to Lucy.] What, do you mean to have our throats cut?

Lucy. I'm sure he don't look as if he would do any body harm.

Record. Your business here, if you please, most impatient; by the knocking at the gate I should have thought my master had arriv'd.

Spruce. Not much out, old one, for he'll soon be here.

Record. Who? my master? I thought they had buried him at Parma.

Spruce. He that was your master lies there: but our present master is just here, I have left him at the Ferry, and am come to put every thing in order for him. We shall give the old walls a warming, I promise you, take all the mildew out of the tapestry, and put a little flesh upon your bones.

Record.

Record. O ! you will, most audacious ! why then as you are a stranger I had better shew you the house first——Will you be pleased to walk in and try our old fare, that you may be the better able to make comparison with the new ?

[*Exeunt Record and Spruce.*

Lucy. When things come to the worst, they say, they must mend. I think that has been my case a long time, and the blessed proverb seems now about to be fulfill'd—He's a very smart fellow indeed, and I dane say won't forget me in the promised alteration of affairs.

S O N G.—LUCY.

SILLY maid !
Be not afraid,
For joy will soon await you;
Hope repeats
What bosom beats,
No vision now shall cheat you:
Time has wings, and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.

Why should Time
When in my prime
With slow pace detain me ?
Why be coy
When bridal joy
Strives to entertain me ?
Time has wings, and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.

Enter Record with a large Key.

Lucy. What have you done with the gentleman ?

Record. Lock'd him in the Refectory, most inquisitive ! that nobody may disturb him : to give him an opportunity of arranging his plans of improvement here, whilst I go down to Michael to see whether

whether he's an impostor or no. Confine yourself in the Chapel till I return, and don't you open the door, if they knock the very walls down.

Lucy. Shan't I take him a tankard of October first?

Record. No! Put a little flesh upon my bones, will he, an impudent varlet? My bones have never yet been ashamed of what covers them, and I must take care that the future covering don't blush for the bones.

[*Exit.*]

Lucy. Ifegs! but I'll have another peep at him: He may like to go to Chapel with me, and if he does I can get him out—What then! the Chapel is a very good place—but there will be no parson there—That's no fault of mine—well we can read the ceremony without him.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to Michael's Hut at the Ferry—
Mountains in the back.*

Sir BERTRAND and LE SAGE.

S O N G.—LE SAGE.

DOWN the rugged mountain's steep
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Rushing with resistless force
To the Derwent's gentler course:

Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Danger now awaits the wave,
Which the rash alone would brave:
Hark! the plunging waters leap
Down the rugged mountain's steep:

Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Enter

Enter MICHAEL to them.

Michael. The carriage and horses must wait the next tide, the torrent from that mountain is so rapid---I dare not answer for their safety. We can make you up tolerable accommodation here.

Sir Bertrand. We are not very particular:—The country seems most beautiful, and the delay of a day or two will make no difference.

Michael. If you are fond of fishing, we have some rare sport a mile or two up stream—You do us great honour to put up with our little place. Here Nell! The best brown bread of our own making, and honey from our own hives. Homely fare; but sweet! Stoop your head, your honour,—our huts are but low.—

[*Exit.*]

Scene changes to the Garden of an old Convent.

Enter CLARA and JANETTE.

Clara. The long absence of Sir Edmund, Jannette, fills my mind with strange apprehensions for his safety.

Jannette. The charms of foreign travel, madam, are great.

Clara. Under his protection, Jannette, you know, I have lived here secluded from the hated passion of Sir Bertrand----Nothing do I dread equal to his death; and then----his precarious state of health when he went to Parma—

Jannette. Madam, do not give way to such melancholy. You strangely discourage my labours to amuse and please you,----I have just finished the grotto----the further end of it opens secretly to the forest.

Clara. Indeed I am to blame. How beautiful it is!----what a heavenly retirement from the vicious pursuits of man!—

Jannette. From a seat within it you command the surrounding country, and in the distance a view of Milford Castle.

Clara.

Clara. O name it not ;----for though living here by favour of Sir Edmund, I can never forget it once belonged to my ancestors, and have great reason to believe it would have return'd again to our possession, after a time, had not the cruel ocean depriv'd me both of a father and infant brother at a stroke.

S O N G.—CLARA.

IN Seclusion's sacred bower
 Meek Regret, with soften'd sigh,
 Will enjoy her pensive hour,
 Fearing no intruder nigh.

So, sweet bird ! thy lonely sorrow
 In the ivy'd turret's height
 Pines in secret, till the morrow,
 To the shades directs thy flight.

Smiling Hope ! my soul illume
 Transports thou alone can'st give,
 Dissipate a dungeon's gloom,
 Bid the child of sadness live.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Michael's House.

Enter MICHAEL and NELL.

Michael. Well----they are out now, are they?

Nell. Yes : but I can't think what they notice the boy so much for----I wish they were gone.

Michael. Notice him do they ?---Where is he now ?

Nell. At his old employment, his pencils and his compasses, and I don't know what, pothing his poor little brains.

Michael. I'm not very easy about that boy ; he advances in life apace, and we are very laborious ;---

we

we have but little leisure---to be sure you teach him to read—

Nell. Read ! ay, that I do----and he spells to a miracle.

Michael. Well I know he does ; but if I could any how give him a little more learning, I'm sure he'd make an excellent scholar.

Nell. A scholar quoth'a ? fine doing to make poor people scholars ! and when he has got it, I wonder who's to mind the Ferry.

Michael. Does a man make the worse seaman, think ye, Nell, because he understands his compass? But come, come, sit down and I'll tell you a secret, and you shall advise—

Nell. Now Michael---you love me indeed : and will you trust me with a secret?

Michael. I will : you have always thought him a boy of mine ; but I am not his father.

Nell. No !

Michael. No : but you shall hear. About eight years since I had been out all night fishing, and about a league from hence was hauling close in shore, with a stiff gale, when I heard to windward a signal gun fire of a ship in distress.---I could see nothing---but presently heard another, and then---the piercing shrieks of some poor souls in their last extremity. That was enough for me---so I luff'd and stood out to sea again. The gale increas'd, and ---it was my duty, Nell, you know, and danger was no object, when I could save the life of a fellow creature.

Nell. I never would have had you if you could have deserted them.

Michael. " Well the moon every now and then " peep'd from underneath a pitch black cloud." I crowded sail and soon made the wreck, just time enough to take out a gentleman and this little boy, with a trunk, and she went to pieces. I was endeavouring to make port again, when the poor gentleman, quite exhausted, told me he was dying, and begg'd I would run in upon the beach, as he had something

somthing to say:—Cheerly, says I, cheerly, a glass of grog will soon right you again: so he tasted it, but it would not do: his spirits were ebbing apace, and I run into the first creek I could see.—His distress had made him my commander, you know, and I was not to disobey orders.

Nell. What could you do with him—poor creature?

Michael. I struck a light, and seated him in a small cavity of the cliff upon the best jacket I had got; made a small fire to leeward of as many sticks as I could scramble together, and sat down beside him with the little boy upon my knee.—You seem an honest fellow, says he, and I will trust you: --- my commander often has, says I, and I think you may:---but take another sup of grog—he tried again, but could not—then shiv’ring all over, he said, I must be brief.. I wrapp’d some old sail-cloth round him, put some more sticks upon the fire, and wip’d the tears from the little boy’s cheek, which seem’d to grow to my bosom.—Take care of my boy, says he, and don’t desert him.—I’ll be damn’d if I do, says I, though to speak nearly choak’d me. Do not lose the trunk, perhaps it may one day reward you: I am rewarded already, says I; for at that moment, I felt something at my heart, that was quite enough!

Nell. But where is the trunk, Michael?

Michael. Promise me one thing, added he, his life is sought secretly: keep him as your own, and when you shall hear of the death of Sir Edmund of Milford Castle, then open the trunk. The poor soul reach’d out his hand, which the boy kiss’d as he dropp’d.. The day-break gave me light enough to sink a grave for him in the sand. He went peacefully home; the salt tear of a sailor seem’d to satisfy him of his boy’s safety; and the trust was more binding than if all the lawyers in the universe had been by; for the seal is here—(*laying his hand upon his heart*). [They retire.

Enter Boy.

S O N G.

At evening, when my work is done,
And the breeze at setting sun
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide—
Unheard, unseen, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore :

All is dark—and all is mute—
Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
Tang, Ting, Tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey wall I steer,
There the choral hymn I hear :
While the organ's lengthen'd note
Seems in distant woods to float :
Returning then my silent oar,
Steals along the shaded shore :

All is dark—and all is mute—
Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
Tang, Ting, Tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.

(After the Song they meet him.)

Boy. Here father ! these good gentlemen have given me—O see here !---it will buy for me plenty of pencils and colours for drawing when you can spare me : 'tis a great deal of money tho', and I won't keep it if you don't like it.

Michael. They are return'd then---See Nell,
they want nothing. (*Exit Nell,*)
What ! give you gold ! impossible ! come, come,
tell me fairly where you got this and I won't be angry. Tell me the truth.

Boy. When did I ever tell you a lie ?—you know I scorn it.

Michael.

Michael. That's true, that's true----I am too hasty----Gold ! for what !---my heart misgives me.
—What did they say to you ?

Boy. O, they asked me if I should like to go with them, and said they would give me a horse to ride upon ; but I told them no, I would not, I was very happy, and so I am too ;---for you know I could not leave mother and you.

Michael. No, no, to be sure you could not---This is very strange ! (*Aside*).

Boy. They asked me who gave me this rosary, and they took a great deal of notice of it---they are very kind gentlemen, indeed ; but you would not part with me, would you ?

Michael. Part with you ! no ! never, till death slips the cable. (*Aside*.) That rosary was his father's, given to him on the sand just before he died ---it has, I fear, betrayed him. Stay by me, and don't run about so much by yourself. (*Aside*.) O ! they're coming----I must not seem surpriz'd.

(*Speaking loud to the Boy*) We must down to the boat, Boy, more passengers are waiting to cross, and the tide is making in apace. Take the flask aboard (*Boy brings the flask*) Stay ! there is but a little in it. Well, well, if we can't bring our means up to our wishes, we can keep our wishes down to our means, and that comes to the same point, content.

Enter Sir Bertrand and Le Sage, in conversation, on the opposite side.

Sir Bertrand. There cannot be a doubt of it : here are the very features, line for line (*looking at a miniature*) : we must get possession of him by courtesy, if possible, and that will hoodwink suspicion : ---the disposal of him we'll settle after.

Michael. (aside). They are very intent upon the boy.

Le Sage. Had you not better speak to the man ?

Sir Bertrand. That seems to be a clever lad of yours, ferrymen.

Michael. Yes, Sir, I believe the boy's well enough.

Sir Bertrand. He passes for your son, I believe?

Michael. Whose should he pass for?

Sir Bertrand. Come, come, be explicit—Do you mean to tell me that you are his father?

Michael. Why, as to that—few fathers, I believe, could take upon them to say:—'tis useless to fathom beyond the depth of the line:—'tis sufficient for me that he is cast under this roof to lay claim to my protection.

Sir Bertrand. Will you part with him? He can have no great instruction here—I'll see his genius attended to.—What can he learn of you?

Michael. Nature's independence, honesty! Labour to procure his meal of content, and gratitude to him that sends it!—He may see perhaps, an example to resent injury or insult—What would you teach him more?

Le Sage. A purse, Sir Bertrand, may alter this tone.

Sir Bertrand. Come, come, I have a fancy to see him educated—there's earnest of what more I intend for you (*offering a purse.*)

Michael. I'll starve first! (*throwing it away.*)

Le Sage. Do you know whom you are insulting by this behaviour?

Michael. What, because I won't sell my boy? I don't know who his Honour may be; but if he is in great power, he ought to know, that it was given him to protect, and not to oppress those below him.

Enter NELL and RECORD.

Nell. These are the gentlemen, Mr. Record.

Michael. (*aside*). Record here, and knows them! —then I'm ruin'd.

Record. Most high and mighty!—you see your faithful servant bow before you—you are coming

coming to Milford Castle, I suppose;—you bring credentials with you.—I am the old steward of the place, and must render proper accounts:—I keep all under lock and key, most accurate! and am very particular whom I let in during my master's absence.

Sir Bertrand. Did not my servant arrive before you left the Castle?

Record. He did.

Sir Bertrand. Where is he now?

Record. Under lock and key, most noble!

Sir Bertrand. What, have you made a prisoner of him?

Record. He is very safe till I return, with proper authority to let him loose—His companions are two-thirds of a peck loaf, the carcase of a cold turkey, and a cheddar cheese; so there's no danger of his breaking out.

Sir Bertrand. An odd fellow this!—but come, Sir, why did you lock him in?

Record. For the same reason that I've lock'd you out, right worshipful! to guard against impostors, as I must render account to those who come after; therefore, Sir, I hope to see your credentials, the certificate of my master's death and burial, and your right of succession.

Michael. (*aside to Nell*), Sir Edmund dead!

Nell. The trunk, Michael—

Sir Bertrand. Le Sage, give me the papers; his formalities must be indulged—(*Le Sage gives him papers*)—In that parcel you will see every thing you want. I shall not visit the Castle till evening. (*To Michael in parting*) Think of what I've said to you, and give me an answer.

[*Exeunt Sir Bertrand and Le Sage.*]

Michael. I hope I shall have an answer for you.

Record. What a sudden alteration of affairs!—Come, Michael, give me a draught of your ale; I'll sit down and chat with you a little—

Michael. I thank you, I thank you—And so, Sir Edmund is certainly dead, is he? Poor man!—I am very heartily glad to see you.—How the devil shall I get him out of the House? (*aside*).—Nell, go and draw a mug of ale, child—take the boy with you—

Nell. Well, I'm going.—(*Aside to Michael*) But, Michael, can't you give me the key of the trunk, you know?

[*Exit Nell.*

Michael. Silence!—And so these people are come to live here, are they?—Upon my soul, I'm heartily glad to see you—but won't you be wanted at home?—You are sure you won't now—because, make no ceremony with me—Quite sure!—Good God! what a taking I'm in! (*aside*).

Record. O! no! not in the least, not in' the least:—Yes! he's dead and—but where's the ale!

Enter NELL with ale.

Nell. Here it is—

Record. There's a fine head to it. Our last brewing did not turn out quite so well—what's your proportion? I shall mend our receipt.—Ay! it should be deeper-coloured than this (*drinks*).—Delicious, in good truth!—Did I never tell you of Sir Edmund's pedigree?

Michael. My impatience almost choaks me! (*aside*.) Here's to you! here's to you! (*drinks*.)

Record. Why, you are in a damn'd hurry—What's the matter with you? I came to gossip half an hour or so.

Nell. He has a number of things to do—Mr. Record, good morning! good morning! (*drinks*.)

Record. Good morning! What the devil, are you drinking me out of the house?

Michael. I've a great mind to tell him, but—(*aside*). Well, good by'e—we shall meet in the evening.

evening, as I see you're in such a hurry now—
I'm sure you must be wanted—

Record. Well, I'm going! I'm going! Lackaday! this is the strangest kind of hospitality, to turn your old friend out of doors—Some family secret, I suppose—

Michael. Well—now do go: make haste will you?

Nell. There's a good man, good by'e!

Michael. You don't know how much I'm obliged to you. [Exit Record.

Nell. Well, now for it—

Michael. Now for what, Nell?

Nell. The trunk, to be sure—Shan't we open it?

Michael. We open it? I've divulg'd the secret to you, Nell, and of course we are embark'd; but do you know the danger of two commanders in one bottom?—If we mean to come safe to shore, we must have only one pilot; and as I'm best acquainted with the coast, you must trust the helm to me: so as there may be some difficulty in the steerage, I'll go first, and reconnoitre, and then—

Nell. What, then, you shut me out from the secrets of your heart! Have I deserv'd this, Michael?

Michael. Be satisfied: I'll keep nothing from you; but when I open that trunk, I shall think I'm in company with my ship-wreck'd friend, and that his spirit will witness for me, my curiosity is excited more for the happiness of his boy, than for any paltry recompence I may expect, for the discharge of the first duty of the human heart—kindness to the unfortunate.

D U E T.—MICHAEL and NELL.

Mich. As the compass true, believe me,
Is this honest heart of oak.

Nell. If thy Nelly ever grieve thee,
Never faithful woman spoke.

Mich.

Mich. By those eyes, my planets steering—

Thou the pilot, safe we go;

Mich. Never from affection veering,

Briskly may the breezes blow.

Bosk. Now for life's uncertain weather,

Tight and trim, and fond and free,

Safely in one bark together,

With fair wind we'll put to sea.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT

A C T H.

Scene of the inside of Michael's house continues.

Enter Michael, with a trunk sealed up.

Michael. I have clos'd the hatchways, and the decks are all clear. I feel just now, for all the world, like a commander going into an engagement, determined to do his duty, eager for victory, yet not without remembering that a battle may be lost as well as won. (*Breaks the seal.*) This is the key — what's here? (*Opens the trunk, and takes out a paper, and reads.*)

" The child with whom this trunk is found, has
 " lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford cas-
 " tle, at the death of Sir Edmund. The writings
 " within will explain the rest, and guide to the on-
 " ly copy of the Baron's will, now in the chapel
 " of the Castle. Whoever finds this, and faithful-
 " ly executes the trust, will meet with his reward,
 " if needy, in the filken purse within, besides an
 " annuity of fifty pounds when he shall be in pos-
 " session of his estate."

Nell must not know this yet, it will turn her brain. She will be like a sudden squall, a hurricane that whisks at once round every point of the compass. I should like to see the purse tho' — a little ready cash will be useful. Let's see! how shall I break it to him? I must make a friend of Record to examine the papers. Lucky little dog! Damme, I've done my duty by him, that's one comfort tho' — it would have been a pretty busines if I had let him go.

Enter Nell in haste.

Nell. We're ruin'd, Michael! we are ruin'd!

Michael. (*hiding the trunk.*) Don't be in such a hurry — No! we an't ruin'd, not ruin'd, Nell.

Nell.

Nell. I tell you they have stolen the poor boy away, and are dragging him I can't tell where : I saw him struggling till his little strength was gone : they have taken him quite out of fight.

Michael. Which way ? who have got him ?

Nell. Over the—O, two such ill looking fellows.

Michael. Damme, but I'll be up with them : give me down my pistols — Don't look into that trunk ; I'll tell you all — shut the papers in close, poor little soul ! take care of the trunk ! — I shall never make press of fail enough after him ---- Don't look into the trunk, Nell. — O, the villains.

[*Exit.*]

Nell. Yes, I'll take care of it; but, for fear of interruption, I'll go with it up stairs, and there have an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. — Ah ! I knew dreaming of those huge precipices, boded no good.

S O N G. *Nell.*

If woman is curious, sure Nature's to blame,
The sex, high and low, in this point are the same ;
And what at our birth we inherit from her,
Is her own blessed gift, and no crime, I aver.

So if kept from our view
Any good thing or new,
What wonder we pout,
And would fain find it out ?

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pothe
Of wonders, and dangers of this, that, and t'other.
What a trouble, Heav'n bless us, they'd save to
their lives :
If they would but consult, in most matters their wives :

"Tis

'Tis strange they don't try it,
We are always so quiet,
Never wish for the rule,
Only prudent and cool.

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

[Exit with the trunk.

Scene changes to the outside of Milford Castle.

Enter Sir Bertrand and Le Sage.

Sir Bertrand. Is the boy safe?

Le Sage. All manag'd to a charm: they have got him away without suspicion of us, and I have just written to remove him again from St. Nicholas, where he will be quite out of their recovery.

Sir Bertrand. That's well, then soon the lovely Clara shall be the fair mistress of these extensive possessions. While Sir Edmund liv'd, I dar'd not oblige her, but now——she knows not of our arrival, does she?

Le Sage. Not a syllable: she occupies a part of the old convent where I have lodg'd the boy, but knows not of your arrival, nor of Edmund's death.

Sir Bertrand. Thus far we glide on smoothly.

Enter Record.

Record. The way for your reverend steps is round these ramparts to the great gate. I have all the keys, and will give an account of every thing as we go on. Will you be pleased to follow, most respectful.

[Exit Record.

Sir Bertrand. We'll follow—your man is trusty, or Le Sage, our plans will but involve us deeper.

Le Sage. Both secret and determined——you may now take possession with confidence and clearfulness.

Sir Bertrand. No, Le Sage—who takes what he knows to be another's right, must have confidence, indeed; but a merry heart will not be among his possessions.

Le Sage.

Le Sage. Mere vapours ! a glass or two of the old convent wine will alter your opinion.

S O N G.—*Le Sage.*

In the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream,
Where the convent of Nicholas stood :
The Vineyard invites the Sun's ripening beam,
And, believe me, the produce is good.

How the monks, in their day,
Must have swigg'd it away,
O. they let not a cluster escape—
Till their cheeks, I suppose,
In an afternoon's doze,
Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The mould'ring walls are conceal'd by the fruit,
And the liquor you'll say is divine,
Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,
Our cups overflow with the wine.

How the monks in their day, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The armoury in the Castle.*

Enter Lucy and Spruce.

Lucy. This is the last of our curiosities. Sir, we have been all round the Castle now, and I hope you like our situation.

Spruce. Vastly, vastly my dear—

Lucy. I hope you don't believe I had any hand in locking you up—it was all Mr. Record's own doing, I can assure you, Sir.

Spruce. Not at all, my love,—not at all—I shall settle the old boy in a twinkling, when I am a little to rights.

Lucy.

Lucy. And you won't forget me—I should be sorry to lose my place now such fine people are coming.

Spruce. Lose your place ! you shall not by this and this—Depend upon it I'll settle you too.

(Kissing her).

Lucy. Thank you Sir ! Lord this will be something like living—

(A door shuts within with a hollow sound.)

Mercy on me ! they are all coming in with Record's key, and will be up the winding staircase in a moment—We must not be found here—I shall be ruin'd—we have no way out but that by which they come.

Spruce. Never fear---put me in any where—only make haste—

Lucy. Well, well---here ! you can creep behind that black armour ;---don't breathe for your life---they'll only pass on, and we can slip back when they are gone through.

Spruce places himself behind the armour.

Spruce. Perhaps I'm not the first coward that has trembled behind this suit of armour.

Lucy. I'll get into this case where Record keeps his best armour---I see he has left the key and believes it lock'd—

(Goes into the case).

Enter Sir BERTRAND, Le SAGE, and RECORD.

Record. You see, right noble, I've done my duty, every thing is in the completest order—

Sir Bertrand. I'm satisfied and shall reward you accordingly—

Le Sage. For what are these piles of arms preserv'd ?

Record. To arm your tenants and followers; most victorious ! in case of civil commotions ;—they were of great import to Sir Edmund's grandfie,

D and

and my father followed him when a younker in that helmet and coat of mail in his troublesome days—

Sir Bertrand.—He was at Palestine—in the holy wars—was he not?

Record. He was, right reverend, and I can shew you the armour which he priz'd upon those occasions—

(Approaching the case where Lucy is concealed.)

It often preserv'd his life in great perils—He never went to the holy wars without it, and slept with it every night in his tent—I myself have now the care of it, and indeed I value it as much as the old warrior did:—

(Opens the case and discovers Lucy.)

Le Sage. Heavns! a woman!

Sir Bertrand. An excellent companion for the holy wars!

Record. I'm dumb, most terrific!—Did I not order you to stay in the Chapel till my return, and how the devil got you in here? speak?

(An arm from the black armour falls.)

What's that? why here's witchcraft in very truth—

Le Sage. That armour moves, Sir Bertrand,—

Sir Bertrand. Which? Which? *Le Sage*—what's the meaning of all this? do you know?

Le Sage. I'll have it down if the devil's there—

(Drawing his sword)

Lucy screams.

Spruce (coming out). "Tis only I Sir---I hope no offence, but this young woman was shewing me all her---no, your curiosities, Sir, and hearing you approach, we fear'd you might be angry, so we concealed ourselves till you were gone by.

Lucy. Indeed that's all, as he was just come to his new place I thought I would shew him the nature of it.

Record. Go down Hussey----wait below till I come, most impudent—I shall pay you off directly.

Exit Lucy.
Sir

Sir Bertrand. Don't be so hasty, as to you Sir, I shall desire Record to put you to some employment—

Record. I will, most dignified! Come with me — so putting a little flesh upon my bones did not seem to be all your intention here—ey!

[Exit *Record and Spruce*:

Sir Bertrand. Now, Le Sage, we are satisfied there is no copy left of the original will destroyed, we may with greater security proceed—Send the boy beyond the sea, and there let him be dispatch'd.

Le Sage. 'Tis done! — by this he's safe— Lose not sight of Record, he may still be useful— should he prove otherwise, or turn refractory, we must provide for him.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *a retired part of a Forest—The remains of a Convent on the Side.*

Enter MICHAEL.

I have lost him now for ever, that's plain. I have wander'd up and down thro' every track of the Forest, and all to no purpose—Poor boy! how he'll grieve after me! his little heart will break—mine is gone to pieces already—quite water logg'd— And Nell too—well, I must not repine—The same Providence that threw him into my arms from shipwreck, may again think fit to save him—I'm quite faint and parch'd—I'll taste this running stream—here's a cup chain'd to the stone for wearied strangers—

(As he stoops to drink the boy sings from within).

S O N G.—Boy.

Thro' forests drear I once did stray
Where every Songster us'd to say:
“ O loiter here, 'tis Nature's spring,
“ Thy carol sweet—dear minstrel! sing.”

Michael. Heav'n's that's his voice ! my strength's renew'd--but how to get admittance ?

Boy sings again..

" Sweet birds," I cried, " could I like you,
" Ascend the face of heav'n to view ;
" Like you I'd welcome Nature's spring,
" My carol sweet for ever sing."

Michael. Damme' I'll board ! but lie to, lie to,
Michael, and take a peep into the enemy's harbour,

[Retires.

Enter FLINT.

Flint. This purse is to have its fellow, when I take back evidence of the boy being safe on board. The smuggling boat is ready, but the way to it bad ;—O ! there's the old Convent !—now for my letter—if the boy's troublesome, this shall muzzle him——

(*Michael overhearing comes forward.*)

Michael. What are you going to do with that letter ?

Flint. What am I going to do ? that's a pretty question---who the devil are you ?

Michael. I am not us'd to turn assassin, believe me : but you must be plain, or two minutes will close your mouth for ever---The boy you are going for is in that house ?

Flint. He is——

Michael. And you are employ'd to murder him ?

Flint. O no ! to put him off to sea.

Michael. By orders from the Castle ?

Flint. Yes : and here's my reward——

Michael. That letter will procure him ?

Flint. Yes.——

Michael. Now mark me——first give me the letter : then strip off that villain's coat of yours, and

and steer towards the Ferry house ;—there drop anchor till I come.

Flint. Pull off my coat ?

Michael. No words----but do it this moment---

Flint. Well---well---there—(putting off his coat) you are not going to take any thing else from me ?

Michael. No : keep your money——and if you can, enjoy it. Your coat I only borrow : it shall be yours again. [Exit *Flint.*

Michael, (taking up the coat) 'Tis lawful in some cases to hoist false colours : and damme' if I must play the hypocrite, but 'tis better to wear the villain's outside, so I am right and tight within, than to cloath a heart rotten at the core with the robes of honesty. [Exit,

SCENE, *Inside of the Convent.*

Enter CLARA and BOY.

Boy. Indeed I could be happy with you as with any body : but that I love my poor father and mother so dearly — what are they going to do with me, I am sure I never injured them ?

Clara. You are sent here to be under my protection, and I will endeavour to make you comfortable—Alas ! I fear by Le Sage directing this, some foul play--if so--and I lose Sir Edmund's protection my ruin will be compleat.

Boy. My father Michael always told me to fear nothing but doing a bad action——I have kept the lesson close, and I wish he could see me now that I am not afraid. Poor dear Michael !

Enter JANETTE and MICHAEL disguised.

Clara. What ruffian are you to break in upon our solitude without notice and due respect ?

Jannette. Madam ! he has found his way thro' the grotto from the forest--he has frighten'd me

almost out of my wits---says he has a letter for you—

Boy. Don't be alarm'd, he shall not hurt you---
O I'm almost afraid to look at him.

Michael. 'Tis he ! his little soul breaks out.
(*Aside*) Do not terrify yourself fair lady, I am no
ruffian---though I believe I look damnable like one.
(*Aside.*) That letter will tell you my business—
(gives a letter, and drops a paper).

Clara. Signed Le Sage, as I foreboded : but
what can all this mean ? 'Tis no purpose my en-
quiry, I am myself unprotected and can afford no
help to others.—This is the child !—My dear
boy it afflicts me to part with you, but you must
go.—

Boy. What ; must I go with him ? O Michael ?
what would I give to see you once more ?

Michael. I cannot hold out much longer (*Aside*).
I must crowd all sail, or shall lose my weather gage
---fair lady, your servant—

Boy. Where are we going ? If you mean to
kill me, let me tell my beads first—

Michael. Kill you !—O, No ! I did not think
I look'd so diabolical as that neither.

[*Exeunt Michael and Boy.*

Clara (*looking after him.*) Farewell ! farewell !
I cannot think why I take such an interest in that
boy---ah me ! what's here ? (*taking up the paper,*
reads) " The child with whom this trunk is found,
" has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford
" Castle at the death of Sir Edmund." —Amaze-
ment ! this must be my brother !---and Le Sage, by
employing this wretch, must have found the papers
—Gracious Heav'n ! then my dear father is lost
for ever, and his child, within the fangs of that
miscreant agent. I'll to the Castle instantly, altho
my life should pay the forfeit of my rashness. Just
Heav'n will not look on without regard, nor suffer
innocence to fall.

[*Exit.*

SCENE.

SCENE. *An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter RECORD and NELL.

Nell. We know you are our friend, Mr. Record, and trust the whole to you---Michael, I'm sure depends upon your honour——

Record. That he may with safety, most adorable!---I won't utter a syllable about the papers till the proper moment---when will Michael be here?

Nell. O! I can't tell—he is gone in search of the boy, and Heav'n only knows whether he will find him or not: perhaps they have kill'd him, and Michael lost his life in defending him.

Record. Don't despond, most affectionate: he will come back to you; and now let me, while we are quite alone, just taste the nectar of those lips most——(attempting to kiss her).

(*Enter LUCY, who discovers him.*)

Nell. For shame! Mr. Record: what are you about?

Lucy. Mr. Record!

Record. What brought you here, most curious, ey?

Lucy. I beg pardon, Sir---but a lady desires to see you directly. (*Aside to Record.*) I see Michael's wife makes all his friends welcome. [Exit.

Record. Take care of the papers, Mrs. Nelly, and follow me. [Exit.

Scene changes to the inside of the Chapel.

Sir BERTRAND and LE SAGE meet CLARA and RECORD.

Clara. Sir Bertrand here! then I'm undone——

Sir Bertrand. Now, lovey Clara---I can make you most happy---at last you see me lord of this fair castle, and you shall be it's mistress.——

Record

Record (aside). This is very familiar at first sight, I think.

Clara. No, Sir Bertrand, that can never be--- I come to claim a right on behalf of injur'd innocence: Le Sage must give the answer.—Where is the child, you hypocrite? Where is the ruffian to whom you committed him?

Le Sage. Haughty Madam: this is not a time to interrogate my proceedings---your home from henceforth is here---That boy! what of that boy? why do you enquire?

Record. Be cool, most vehement, be cool!

Clara. That boy! The wretch you sent to murder him, I suppose, was not quite collected in his business, or he would not have left this behind him ---know you that hand? (*shewing the paper.*) What, you pause?

Le Sage. This is some mystery beyond my cunning to develope?

Clara. It is my honour'd father's hand, and that child my brother---Restore him to me, or his blood shall be upon your heads, and sweep his oppreffors from the earth.

Sir Bertrand. By this he is properly bestow'd--- this raving is useless---t were better you prepare to share the splendor of this scene.

Clara. No, never. I'll to the world proclaim such villainy, tho' I beg my daily crust from door to door (*going*).

Sir Bertrand. Not so hasty, Clara, you must not, shall not leave me—(*struggling with her*).

Clara. For Pity's sake assist me Heav'n! (*breaks from him and meets Michael entering*).

Michael. What, more injuries! Human nature can't endure them.

Clara. That ruffian here! then all is lost.

Sir Bertrand. What insolence is this? how come you here? who are you?

Clara. Who are you? Matchless hypocrisy! you know him nor, nor his business?

Michael.

Michael. Who am I? look on this weather beaten brow, and tell me whether you can read ought there that could deserve injustice at your hands? Look still, and say do you discover fear to resent it?

Sir Bertrand. What injuries are you speaking of?

Michael. What injuries? Do you know a villain of the name of Le Sage, and does he know another of the name of Flint?

Le Sage (drawing.) Who has given your tongue this license?

Michael. Put up your steel—I've seen too many of them in my time to tremble at yours—a good cudgel is all the weapon an honest cause wants, and more than a bad one will encounter.

Sir Bertrand. Leave the Castle this instant—Record and Spruce, why don't you turn the fellow out?

Record. I am too weak—most potent!

Michael. Because they know I have higher orders than yours to remain here—

Le Sage. Whose are they?

Michael. The Baron's of Milford Castle.

Sir Bertrand. And who is that now?

Michael. I'll shew you in the veering of a point — Hey! what! ((searching his pockets)) Damme the paper's gone—the rudder carried away just coming into harbour—

Clara. What do you mean? Are you then his friend? what paper have you lost? Is it this? (giving him the paper).

Michael. This! ey! this! yes, yes, it is sure enough! Now I'll produce the commander of this station. (goes out and returns with boy and Nell.)

Clara (runs and embraces him.) It is he again!

Michael. Yes, that it is, I'll swear to him as I would to my own right hand.

Sir Bertrand. This is all forgery! —

Record.

Record. I'm afraid not, most unfortunate! for Mrs. Nelly and I have been looking over some papers in a trunk——

Le Sage. What papers?——

Michael. Those which his father deliver'd to me on his death-bed——

Sir Bertrand. Now you are detected——where was that, villain—for his father was cast away at sea?

Michael. In these arms—on the bleak sea shore, when I sav'd him and his little one from shipwreck; and had not Heav'n directed me to intercept that letter, he had still been at your mercy.

Le Sage. Curse on your officious zeal—we will think upon some plan to punish these usurpers.

[*Exeunt Sir Bertrand and Le Sage.*]

Record. O here are the tenants of the estate assembled to assert the right of our new Baron against injury and oppression——

Michael. Now, Nell, it is enough for us to reflect that we have done our duty, and bore up so steadily against wind and tide to port, that we shall always find anchorage sure, and shelter from the storm.

F I N A L E.—CHORUS.

The castle walls resounding
As loud huzzas unite;
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

Boy. Tho' chang'd our lot to brighter scenes,
Tho' fair the prospects rise,
My mind to former pleasure leans,
Unconscious of disguise.

Clara. To honour's sway
This happy day
Its proudest laurels owing:

Then

Then be it blest,
By ev'ry breast,
With gratitude o'erflowing.

Chorus. The castle walls resounding, &c. &c.

Nell. In smoothest waters safe at last,
We now forget the tempest past :
For sunshine greets the happy shore,
Care never will afflict us more.

Record. Most renown'd, I give you joy !

Clara. Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.

Chorus. The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite ;
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

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C X E S H T

